

TERMS.

Published every Saturday, at \$3 in advance, of at the end of the year. No paper discontinued out at the option of the editors until all arrears are paid—and a failure to give notice (before the end of the year) of a wish to discontinue will be considered a new engagement.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One dollar per square, of twelve lines or less, for the first insertion, and fifty cents a square for each subsequent insertion.

For one square twelve months, twenty dollars. Where the insertion of an advertisement is ordered, without the number of insertions being specified, it will be inserted, (at the discretion of the proprietors) until forbad, and charged for accordingly.

All advertisements from strangers, as well as all orders for job-work, must be accompanied with the cash, or a reference to some responsible and convenient acquaintance.

AUTHORIZED AGENTS.

ALBION A. OLDHAM, Middle Grove, Monroe co.
JAMES HUGHES, Richmond, Ray co.
JAMES HEAD, Four Mile Prairie, Randolph co.
W. F. SWITZLER, Columbia, Boone co.
C. P. BROWN, Platte City, Platte co.
THOMAS JACKMAN, Rocheport, Boone co.
W. D. MADON, Huntsville, Randolph co.
GEO. H. HUBBELL, Trenton, Grundy co.

FOR THE TIMES.

TO ONE WHO ASKED THE AUTHOR
"WHY HE SO MUCH ADMIRER THE
FAIR?"

You ask me why, I prize so high,
The female grace and charms?

A lovely friend that ear will lend,
When aught my breast alarms?

You might as well, ask me to tell
Why happiness I prize!

Why grief and care, both hateful are;
Or beauty charms the eye?

Ask why the sun, his course doth run,
To shed the burnish'd day:

To cheer the Earth,—give being birth,
With his enlivening ray?

Who rules above, ordained in love,
That nature thus should be:

Man's sweetest bliss shall be a kiss,
From lips of modesty.

Yayette, Sept. 4th, 1843.

THE UNEXPECTED FRIEND.

"It must be, my child!" said the poor widow, wiping away the tears which slowly trickled down her wasted cheeks. "There is no other resource. I am too sick to work, and you cannot, surely, see me and your little brother starve. Try and beg a few shillings, and perhaps by the time that is gone, I may be better. Go, Henry, my dear—I grieve to send you on such an errand, but it must be done."

The boy, a noble looking little fellow, of about ten years, started up, and throwing his arms about his mother's neck, left the house without a word. He did not hear the groan of anguish that was uttered by his parent as the door closed behind him; and it was well that he did not, for his little heart was ready to break without it.

It was a by-street in Philadelphia, and as he walked to and fro on the sidewalk, he looked first at one person and then at another, as they passed him, but no one seemed to look kindly on him, and the longer he waited, the faster his courage dwindled away, and the more difficult it became to muster resolution to beg. The tears were running fast down his cheeks, but nobody noticed them, or if they did, nobody seemed to care; for although clean, Henry looked poor and miserable, and it is common for the poor and miserable to cry.

Every body seemed in a hurry, and the poor boy was quite in despair, when at last he espied a gentleman who seemed to be very leisurely taking a morning walk. He was dressed in black, wore a three-cornered hat, and had a face that was as mild and benignant as an angel's. Somehow, when Henry looked at him, he felt all his fears vanish at once, and instantly approached him. His tears had been flowing so long, that his eyes were quite red and swollen, and his voice trembled—but that was with weakness, for he had not eaten for twenty-four hours. As Henry, with a low, faltering voice, begged for a little charity, the gentleman stopped, and his kind heart melted with compassion as he looked into the fair countenance of the poor boy, and saw the deep blush which spread all over his face, and listened to the modest, humble tones which accompanied his petition.

"You do not look like a boy that has been accustomed to beg his bread," said he, kindly laying his hand on the boy's shoulder; "what has driven you to this step?"

"Indeed," answered Henry, his tears beginning to flow afresh, "indeed, I was not born in this condition. But the misfortunes of my father, and the sickness of my mother, have driven me to the necessity now."

"Who is your father?" inquired the gentleman, still more interested.

"My father was a rich merchant of this city; but he became a bondsman for a friend, who soon after failed, and he was entirely ruined. He could not live after this loss, and in one month he died of grief, and his death was more dreadful than any other trouble. My mother, my little brother, and myself, soon sunk into the lowest depths of poverty. My mother has, until now, managed to support herself and my little brother by her labor, and I have earned what I could by shovelling snow and other work that I could find to do. But, night before last, mother was taken very sick, and she has since become so very worse that—I do fear she will die. I cannot think of any way in the world to help her. I have not had any work to do for several weeks. I have not had the courage to go to any of my mother's old

acquaintances, and tell them that she had come to need charity. I thought you looked like a stranger, sir, and something in your face overcame my shame and gave me courage to speak to you. O, sir, do pity my poor mother!"

The tears, and the simple and moving language of the poor boy, touched a chord in the breast of the stranger that was accustomed to frequent vibrations.

"Where does your mother live, my boy?" said he in a husky voice, "is it far from here?"

"She lives in the last house in this street, sir," replied Henry. "You can see it from here, in the third block, and on the left hand side."

"Have you sent for a physician?"

"No, sir," said the boy, sorrowfully, shaking his head. "I had no money to pay neither for a physician nor for the medicine."

"Here," said the stranger, drawing some pieces of silver from his pocket, "here are three dollars, take them and run immediately for a physician."

Henry's eyes flashed with gratitude—he received the money with a stammering and almost inaudible voice, but with a look of the warmest gratitude, and vanished.

The benevolent stranger immediately sought the dwelling of the sick widow. He entered a little room, in which he could see nothing but a few implements of female labor—a miserable table, an old bureau, and a little bed which stood in one corner, on which the invalid lay. She appeared weak and almost exhausted; and on the bed her feet, sat a little boy, crying as if his heart would break.

Deeply moved at this sight, the stranger drew near the bedside of the invalid, and feigning to be a physician, inquired into the nature of her disease. The symptoms were explained in a few words, when the widow, with a deep sigh, added, "O, sir, my sickness has a deeper cause, and one which is beyond the art of the physician to cure. I am a mother—a wretched mother. I see my children sinking daily deeper and deeper in misery and want, which I have no means of relieving. My sickness is of the heart, and death alone can end my sorrows; but even death is dreadful to me, for it awakens the thought of the misery into which my children would be plunged if—"

Here emotion choked her utterance, and the tears flowed unrestrained down her cheeks. But the pretended physician spoke so consolingly to her, and manifested so warm a sympathy for her condition, that the heart of the poor woman throbbed with a pleasure that was unwonted.

"Do not despair," said the benevolent stranger, "think only of recovery and of preserving a life that is so precious to your children. Can I write a prescription here?"

The poor widow took a little prayer book from the hand of the child who sat with her on the bed, and, tearing out a blank leaf, "I have no other paper," said she, "but, perhaps this will do."

The stranger took a pencil from his pocket, and wrote a few lines upon the paper.

"This prescription," said he, "you will find of great service to you. If it is necessary, I will write you a second. I have great hopes of your recovery."

He laid the paper on the table and went away.

Scarcely was he gone when the elder son returned.

"Cheer up, dear mother," said he, going to her bedside and affectionately kissing her. "See what a kind, benevolent stranger has given us. It will make us rich for several days. It has enabled us to have a physician, and he will be here in a moment. Compose yourself, now, dear mother, and take courage."

"Come nearer, my son," answered the mother, looking with pride and affection on her child. "Come nearer, that I may bless you. God never forsakes the innocent and the good. O may He still watch over you in all your paths! A physician has just been here. He was a stranger, but he spoke to me with a kindness and a compassion that was a balm to my heart. When he went away he left that prescription on the table; see if you can read it."

Henry glanced at the paper and started back—he took it up, and as he read through, again and again, a cry of wonder and astonishment escaped him.

"What is it, my son?" exclaimed the poor widow, trembling with an apprehension she knew not what.

"Ah, read, dear mother! God has heard us."

The mother took the paper from the hand of her son, but no sooner had she fixed her eyes upon it, than "my God!" she exclaimed, "it is Washington!" and fell back, fainting upon her pillow.

The writing was an obligation from Washington, (for it was indeed he,) by which the widow was to receive the sum of one hundred dollars, from his own private property, to be doubled in case of necessity.

Meanwhile the expected physician made his appearance, and soon awoke the mother from her fainting fit. The joyful surprise, together with a good nurse with which the physician provided her, and a plenty of wholesome food, soon restored her to perfect health.

The influence of Washington, who visited them more than once, provided for the widow friends who furnished her with constant and profitable employment, and her sons, when they had arrived at the proper age, they placed in respectable situations, where they were able not only to support

BOON'S LICK TIMES.

"ERROR CEASES TO BE DANGEROUS, WHEN REASON IS LEFT FREE TO COMBAT IT"—JEFFERSON.

Vol. 4.

FAYETTE, MISSOURI, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1843.

No. 26.

themselves, and to render the remainder of their mother's life comfortable and happy. Let the children who read this story, remember, when they think of the great and good Washington, that he was not above entering the dwelling of poverty, and carrying joy and gladness to the hearts of his inmates. This is no fictitious tale, but is only one of a thousand incidents which might be related of him, and which stamp him one of the best of men.

N. Y. Christian Messenger.

INTERESTING DIALOGUE.

The following dialogue is copied from the Mills' Point Herald. It is suited to every meridian, and by the substitution of Mechanic, Merchant, Lawyer, Doctor, &c., is adapted to all the various classes in the community:—

Farmer.—Good morning, Mr. Editor. I wish you'd give me a paper, I want to see the news.

Editor.—With pleasure; here is one just from the press. What have you in that basket?

Farmer.—I have some fresh butter, eggs, and about a gallon of raspberries, which I have brought to market.

Editor.—Well, neighbor Snobs, I am glad that I am out of butter; please give me a pound or two, if you can spare it.

Farmer.—You can have it all at a bit a pound.

Editor.—Very true, but I gave you a newspaper at your request; turn about is fair play you know; now I want you to give me some butter.

Farmer.—But I have brought that butter to sell.

Editor.—We too publish our paper to sell; by our labors we live, and if you Farmers will not support us, we cannot buy your marketing. We cannot afford to give papers away.

Farmer.—But I asked for only a paper, and that is not much you know; you will not miss that.

Editor.—I asked you only for a pound or two of butter, and that is not much, you know.

Farmer.—Yes, that's all very true; but if I should give you my butter, every body else would want to get it on the same terms, and I couldn't sell any more to any person.

Editor.—Exactly, Farmer Snobs, now I have brought you to the very point, I wish you to understand: it is true, one newspaper is of but trifling value; but let an editor get in the habit of giving his papers away to Tom, Dick and Harry, whenever called on, who will be fool enough to pay for what others get gratis?—besides, it is morally wrong to make paying subscribers pay for the papers thus wasted upon persons who refuse to contribute one cent to the sustenance of the public press. We therefore feel it our duty to inform you, neighbor Snobs, that we do not give papers away—if our paper is not worth buying, it is not worth reading.

From the National Intelligencer.

PROSPECT AHEAD.

In the Missouri Reporter, a flat date we find published a letter from Senator Benton, under date of July 22, declining the compliment of a Public Dinner proffered to him by a number of citizens of Booneville, in that State; from which Letter we extract the following paragraph:

"It gives me great satisfaction to be able to say to you that all the signs in the political zodiac announce the speedy restoration of the democracy to power, and with that event the resumption of the Jacksonian policy, and the general recovery of the public prosperity. The current elections will give the democracy the majority in the House of Representatives, and that will be sufficient to prevent mischief; but the great measures of Gen. Jackson's administration cannot be resumed and successfully prosecuted until the Executive and Senate are also democratic, and that will require the elections of another year. In 1845 (judging from all the signs) all the departments of the Federal Government will be democratic, and the time will then come for resuming and completing the measures of General Jackson, and giving the country a general and lasting prosperity."

The confidence which Col. Benton expresses in the "restoration of the Democracy"—meaning Mr. Van Buren and his party—"to power," is one of those delusions which, being entertained, serve to make defeat, when it comes, more terrible and disastrous. This confidence we have no doubt Mr. Benton feels, in common, apparently, with most of the leaders of the party to which he belongs, who have mistaken their unlooked-for successes at some of the late elections for evidence of the weakness of the Whigs, instead of being, as they really were, merely the signs of an indifference, arising from the conviction, on the part of the Whigs, of their inability, under the present Dynasty, to accomplish any measure of Whig policy; though they had assured majorities in both Houses of Congress. The experience of the last Congress has left no doubt on that head; and the prevailing sentiment among the Whigs, even before the meeting of Congress at the last session, was, that it would really be for the interest of the Whig party, and in the long run for the interest of the country, that the Locofoco party and the Executive, having the power to defeat anything the Whigs might propose, should be allowed to have every thing their own way in Congress. This, be it observed by the way, was not our opinion. We were satisfied, as we still are, that it was in the power of the Whigs, had they willed it, to retain the ascendancy in both Houses of Congress; and that it was their duty to make the necessary efforts to

do so, and not to suffer the elections to go by default. In defiance of the Executive Veto and the combined opposition of the Administration and the Locofoco party, the Whigs in the last Congress succeeded in saving the Government from bankruptcy, and the country from disgrace, by passing the indispensable revenue bills. The stronger they were in the following (28th) Congress, we argued to ourselves, the more instrumental they might be in doing good, and certainly would be in defeating bad measures. The overpowering sensation of disgust, however, on the part of the majority of the Whigs in Congress, attended by the voluntary retirement of many of them, had its natural effect to damp the ardor of the Whigs in most parts of the country, and to keep down the fire of their zeal. Notwithstanding all which, and every other adverse circumstance, the Whigs have had hard work to get beaten in some districts by majorities little exceeding a baker's dozen in number. In North Carolina and Tennessee, we already know, instead of giving up, they have manfully stood to their arms; and it is quite possible that they will be found to have done so in other of the States whose elections we have yet to hear from.

For ourselves, we have not the least doubt that THE WHIG PARTY is at this moment stronger than it was four years ago; more powerful because more united and compacted; and better prepared than it ever has been for conflict with its adversaries, because animated by the double motive of redressing injury which it has itself sustained, and accomplishing good for the country. We look forward, then, with cheerful and abiding confidence to a victory for the Whigs in November, 1844, hardly inferior in brilliancy and decisiveness to that which it won in November, 1840. We do not now doubt, and we never have doubted of this result.

Such, however, it appears, is not the opinion of Mr. Benton, who looks forward, with a complacency and fatuity that makes one pity his delusion, to the year 1845 as the period in which "all departments of the Federal Government will become Democratic;" in other words, will become anti federal; will become more "democratic" than the Constitution, and therefore inimical to the true spirit and genius of the "Federal Government;" and in an ecstasy of hallucination breaks forth into raptures at the brilliant prospect of the "resumption of the Jacksonian policy!" The time is at hand, he proclaims to his followers, "for resuming and completing the measures of Gen. Jackson."

With what joy is not this announcement calculated to fill the bosom of the Faithful! This glorious revelation of the blessings which are to follow in the train of the triumphant "Democracy"—must it not cheer the heart and nerve the arms of the associates and followers of the Bentons, the Bachmanns, the Calhouns, the Casses, and all the alphabet of great men who are rival candidates for the favor of the People!

Let us for a moment retrace in memory the doctrines and practices which went to make up "the Jacksonian policy." Let us remember

The extravagance of the public expenditures;

The struggle of the Executive with the People to obtain perpetual control of the public money which it had already illegally seized;

The doctrine that the public offices are the property of a party, and that every man is an enemy of the country who is not a vassal of the President;

The assumption that the President is bound to obey the Constitution and the Laws only as he chooses to understand and expound them;

The claim of the Executive to originate as well as to disregard Legislation;

The forestalling of Legislation by Executive threats of the Veto;

The defeating Legislation by stifling acts of Congress after they have passed;

The encouragement and cultivation of an agrarian and anarchical spirit;

The attempt, by a new organization of the Militia, to erect a Standing Army of two hundred thousand men;

And a train of other kindred doctrines, all tending, under the pretence of a deeply dyed "Democracy," to concentrate all power in the Executive hands, and thus to revolutionize the Government into an ELECTIVE MONARCHY.

Nor can it be necessary for us, at this short distance of time from the era of this "Jacksonian policy," to point the attention of any reader of ours to its disastrous effects in

Deranging the currency;

Palsyng enterprise;

Withering industry; and

Wasting the resources of the country.

And this is the "policy" which Mr. Benton, in the presumption of political power being within reach of his party, exults in the prospect of resuming and completing.

As has been said of the elder branch of the Bourbons, this Locofoco dynasty has learned nothing by adversity; but, in the pride and boastfulness and delusion of anticipated triumph, already threatens us with a perpetuation of all its odious political doctrines, and a renewal of those detestable experiments, the perseverance in which against public opinion having already driven it into exile from office, ought forever hereafter to prevent its return to it.

"Forewarned, forearmed," says the proverb; and so say we to our readers.

Cheerfulness not only adorns its possessor, even in age, but is a source of many pleasures, that give a secret charm in favor of those who possess it.

From the Boston Post.

GEMS FROM SAM SLICK.

"When I see a child, I always feel safe with the woman folk; I have found that the road to a woman's heart lies through her child."

"There are some folks who think a good deal, and say but little, and they are wise folks; and there are others, again, who blurt out whatever comes up; and I guess they are pretty considerable superfluous darned fools!"

"There is no way so good to learn French as to live among 'em; and if you want to understand us, you must live among us, too. Your Halls, Hamiltons, and such critters, what can they know of us? Can a chap catch a likeness flying along a railroad? Can he even see the features?"

"It ain't them that stare the most that see the best always, I guess."

"Scutchen cut their eye-teeth afore ever they set foot in this country, I expect. When they get a banbee they know what to do with it—that's a fact. They open their pouch, and drop it in; and it's got a spring like a fox trap; it holds fast to all it gets, like grim death to a dead nigger."

"Power has a natural tendency to slothful complacency."

"The littler folks be, the bigger they talk. You never see a small man that didn't wear high-heeled boots, and a high crowned hat, and that wasn't ready to fight almost any one, to show he was a man, every inch of him."

"Presents of money injure both the giver and receiver, and destroy the equilibrium of friendship, and diminish independence and self-respect."

"I don't like preaching to the naves in stead of the judgment."

"Everything that gives power to numbers, will carry numbers."

"I'm a great friend to decency, for decency is a manly virtue; and to delicacy, for delicacy is a feminine virtue; but as for squeamishness, ratmel if it don't make me sick!"

"Squeamishness and infelicity are often found united. In short, in manners, as in other things extremes meet."

"Humility is the dress coat of pride."

"Book larned men seldom know any thing but books; and there is one that never was printed yet, worth all they've got on their shelves, but which they never read, nor even so much as cut the leaves off, for they don't understand the hand-writing, and I that b—k is human nature."

"Most men like to be thought knowing on the subject of women."

From the Memphis (Tenn.) Enquirer.

THE BEARING IT HAS.

The result of the election in Tennessee has several important bearings upon the party politics of the country, in reference to the aspirations of different leaders. The first is its death-blow to Mr. Polk's prospects of Presidential honors. The stake he was playing for in the late canvass, was a nomination for Vice President on the Locofoco Van Buren ticket. He has lost, and in the language of the gamblers, finds himself "flat broke." Mr. Polk's name is no longer on the list of "availables" for the Vice Presidency. He is virtually already in "a state of reticence." He is a "dead cock in the pit." The next is the effect upon Mr. VAN BUREN. The election in Tennessee is a heavy drag upon the "stage of Lindenwald." It lessens his chance of receiving the nomination of the great Locofoco Convention, immensely. The decisive defeat of Mr. Polk is in effect a proof of Mr. Van Buren's want of strength in the South West, and will be so regarded by the various divisions of the Locofoco party. Another bearing which the result of our election has, and one intimately connected with the last mentioned, is to raise the prospects of Mr. CALHOUN. We regard the Nullifier's chances of obtaining the nomination over Van Buren, as at least fifty per cent better than it was a month ago. Indeed, we think it is now "tight and tight" between them.

Had the Convention met before our election in the cold, calculating, managing Northman could have "come it" over the fiery Southern without much difficulty; but the virtual defeat of the former in Tennessee, in the person of "his next friend" Mr. Polk, has neutralized the advantages which he would have had over the latter in the Convention, had Tennessee's "sober second thought" been a reversion of her judgment in 1840. As between Van Buren and Calhoun the scales are now pretty equally balanced.—And here comes in the bearing which our election has upon the prospects of Gen. CASS. We have no thought that the General can ever be President, or if ever, for many years to come; but we do think that his chances of being the Great Locofoco Defeated in 1844, have brightened considerably with the annihilation of Tennessee's unchangeable whiggery. It is undeniable that there is a bitter feud at bottom between Mr. Van Buren and Mr. Calhoun. Neither will willingly give way to the other; and it may so happen that when the Convention finds it a fruitless effort to compromise their conflicting claims, and reconcile their mutual jealousies, that Cass may be taken up as a means of preventing an open rupture and blow-up between the northern and southern divisions of the Locofoco host.

But the aspect in which we most love to contemplate the result of the Tennessee election, is its bearing upon the prospects of our own cherished HARRY OF THE WEST. We have never doubted Mr. CLAY's success, if he were run. Even had Tennessee gone against us now we should have looked forward with perfect confidence to his obtaining her electoral vote in 1844, in the event he were then the Whig candidate. But it is not to be denied that there is a small but hitherto influential clique of northern politicians who would willingly, if they dared, set Mr. CLAY aside for a man who could be made more "available" for their selfish purposes. It was there that the danger lay. Had Tennessee given way now, it would have afforded this clique an opportunity of a tempting to play over again the game of 1839—with what success, it is impossible to foretell.—Tennessee has spoken in a voice of thunder to these intrigues, *Peace—be still!* and they dare not disobey the mandate. HENRY CLAY is now the chosen candidate of the whole Whig party of this Union as much as though the National Convention had formally ratified his nomination. He or they who might venture even to discuss the propriety of running any other man, would, ought to be, scouted as lurking traitors to the cause. And hence the bearing of the result of our election is—to raise that noble ensign, the *Clay Banner*, high above the possibility of its ever being lowered (unless struck down by death) until victory has inscribed upon its folds the name of HENRY CLAY, THE TENTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

From the New York Knickerbocker.

THE NOVEL READER.

"I was very sweet at a summer's eve,
To hear her talk and sing
Of stars and Gays, and roses, and trees,
And all that's rich of thing
I used her for her mild blue eyes,
And her sweet and quiet air;
But I'm very sure that I'd put see
The novel on the chair.

I longed to have a quiet wife,
Perchance quite quiet and frail;
But to be a novel-reader's spouse
Is any thing but romantic.

The fire-long day does Lou a read
In a cushioned easy-chair,
In a striped shoes, and a dirty gown,
And tangled, uncombed hair.

The children look like beggars' brats,
And little have they of breeding;
Yet this is but one of the many ills
That flow from novel-reading.

For did the maid I'm very sure
You never did see such flooding;
For the leaf is burnt, and the text is 'er,
And all from novel-reading.

The bedroom's like a very sty,
And the kitchen's as a stable;
The lap-dogs litter the parlor floor,
And the nursery is a Babel.

But Youth in search of a quiet wife,
Before to the shrine you lead her,
Take care, I pray you, take good care
That she isn't a novel-reader!

The Locofoco Convention met on Saturday last at Cincinnati, and the nominations turned out precisely as I predicted to you a week since. A sort of compromise was made between the Cass and Van Buren segments of the party. Dr. Duncan was nominated for Congress—D. T. Disney, (an active member of the Cass Executive State Committee) Senator. Mr. D. is also a Director of the Life and Trust Bank, and in all respects one of the most unexceptionable men of the party. For the House, J. S. H. Fwing, John Snyder and Wm. Wakefield.—Louisville Whig.

Wooden Clocks are now a regular article of shipment to England from New York. The George Washington took 20 tons, and the Splendid, now heading, has already forty tons of this cheap and useful, though oft abused article.

Spirit and good humor not only enliven the feelings of those who witness them, but enlist our affections for those who possess them.

dence to his obtaining her electoral vote in 1844, in the event he were then the Whig candidate. But it is not to be denied that there is a small but hitherto influential clique of northern politicians who would willingly, if they dared, set Mr. CLAY aside for a man who could be made more "available" for their selfish purposes. It was there that the danger lay. Had Tennessee given way now, it would have afforded this clique an opportunity of a tempting to play over again the game of 1839—with what success, it is impossible to foretell.—Tennessee has spoken in a voice of thunder to these intrigues, *Peace—be still!* and they dare not disobey the mandate. HENRY CLAY is now the chosen candidate of the whole Whig party of this Union as much as though the National Convention had formally ratified his nomination. He or they who might venture even to discuss the propriety of running any other man, would, ought to be, scouted as lurking traitors to the cause. And hence the bearing of the result of our election is—to raise that noble ensign, the *Clay Banner*, high above the possibility of its ever being lowered (unless struck down by death) until victory has inscribed upon its folds the name of HENRY CLAY, THE TENTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

PICTURES IN THE NEWSPAPERS.—What a heap of odd pictures the newspapers do have in 'em now-a-days! said Aunt Nabby Simpson.

"I'm sure they didn't print such things when I was a girl."

"Why, Aunt, you don't reflect—that is the change of improvement, an—"

"Improvement, Henry—but you're just like all the rest of 'em, and you don't know what true breeding is, if you call such ugly 'skin' things improvements. Why just to think—that's the Boston papers that have the picture of a lady sitting in an arm chair, and a man with long hair on his lips and a catin out her ears, and—all alone with her, tal. And then there's a picture of old Par's head, that they say lived a hundred and fifty odd years, and I don't believe a word out for our minister says that the medical practitioners are full of deceit."

And only to think—that's a picture in the Norwich paper, that